Thinke on the fault my father made,
In compaſſing the Crowne.
I *Richards* body haue interred new,
And on it hath beſtow'd more contrite teares,
Then from it iſſued forced drops of blood;
A hundred men haue I in yearely pay,
Which euery day their withered hands hold vp
To heauen, to pardon blood,
And I haue built two Chanceries, more will I do:
Though all that I can do is all too little.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. My Lord.
King. My brother Gloſters voice.
Glo. My Lord, the army ſtayes vpon your preſence.
Kin. Stay Gloſter ſtay, and I will go with thee,
The day, my friends, and all things ſtayes for me.

Enter Clarence, Gloſter, Exeter, & Salisbury.

War. My Lords, the French are very ſtrong,
Ex. There's fiue to one, and yet they are all freſh.
War. Of fighting men they haue full forty thouſand.
Sal. The odds is all too great. Farwell kinde Lords:
Braue Clarence, and my Lord of Gloſter,
My Lord of Warwicke, and to all farewell.
Cla. Farewell kinde Lords, fight valiantly to day,
And yet in truth I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the true ſparkes of honor.

Enter King.

War. O would we had but ten thouſand men
Now at this inſtant, that doth not worke in England.
Kin. Whoſe that, that wiſhes ſo, my couſen Warwick?
Gods will I would not looſe the honour
One man would ſhare from me,
Not for my kingdome.

No faith my Coſen, wiſh not one man more,
Rather proclaime it preſently through our camp
That he that hath no ſtomacke to this feaſt
Let him depart, his paſport ſhall bee drawne,
And crownes for conuoy put into his purſe,
We would not dye in that mans company,
That feares his fellowſhip to dye with vs.
This day is called the day of Criſpin:
He that out-liues this day, and ſees olde age,
Shall ſtand a tip-to when this day is named,
And rowſe him at the name of Criſpin.
He that out-liues this day, and comes ſafe home,
Shall yearly on the vigill feaſt his friends,
And ſay, to morrow is S. Criſpins day:
Then ſhall we in their flowing boules
Be newly remembred. *Harry* the King,
Bedford and *Exeter*, *Clarence*, and *Gloſter*,
Warwicke, and *Yorke*,
Familiar in their mouths as houſhold wordes.
This ſtory ſhall the good man tell his ſon,
And from this day vnto the generall doome,
But we in it ſhall be remembred.
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,
For he to day that ſheds his blood by mine
Shall be my brother. Be he nere ſo baſe
This day ſhall gentle his condition.
Then ſhal he ſtrip his ſleeues, & ſhew his ſcars,
And ſay, theſe wounds I had on Criſpins day.
And Gentlemen in England now a bed,
Shall thinke themſelues accurſt,
They were not there, when any ſpeakes
That fought with vs vpon S. Criſpines day.
Glo. My gracious Lord,
The French is in the field.
Kin. Why all things are ready if our mindes be ſo.
War. Periſh the man whoſe minde is backward now.